Agricultural.

T. H. HOSKINS, Newport, Vt., Editor.

Vermont Apples in Maine.

In the warmer parts of Maine only the standard market apples—Baldwins, Greenings, Bellifl>wers and Russets—are grown for market. But only about one-quarter of the state, that portion within thirty miles of salt water, and not all of that, can produce these apples. The rest of the state requires something more resistant to winter's cold. In the last report of the Maine Pomological Society we notice that H. A. Sprague of Charlotte, Washington county, one of the colder sections, speaks very favorably of two apples of north-eastern Vermont, scions of which we sent him several years ago. Of Magog Red Streak he says: "It will, I think, prove hardy, vigorous and productive, but not so good for eating or keeping as the Wealthy." (With us it is far better for cooking.) Of Scott's Winter Mr. Sprague says: "It has a good flavor in the spring, and I think will, when well known, be more popular than Ben Davis." (It is also much hardier.) Mr. Sprague agrees with us in his opinion of the Wealthy, saying: "I think it will be for this latitude what the Baldwin is further south." For five years the Wealthy has not failed to keep well until April.

Protecting Trees Against Mice.

One writer says: "I know it is an old remedy, but I will repeat it: When the snow 'comes to stay' trample it down hard about the young fruit trees, and nary a field mouse will girdle them." Another writer advises "piling, before the ground freezes, a small, neat mound of soil around each tree of the young orchard. To properly protect as many as two hundred in this way would be a light day's work." Neither of these methods is as cheap and effective as tying strip lath, or for larger trees barrel staves, cut in halves, around the trunks of the trees. This can be done more rapidly than mounding, or stamping the snow, and is a perfect protection, which the other ways are not. Where the snows are deep and frequent, and crusts form, mice will often work under the light snow on top of the crust, and will thus reach the tree above the top of a mound. The treading of the snow must be repeated after every snowfall, to be effective, and this is sure to be neglected. We turn our strips every fall, and tie with fresh string. The inside of the strips is then covered with the codlin moth worms, in their thin cocoons, which the birds clear off almost immediately.

Maine Pomological Report.

We are indebted to Secretary Sawyer of the Maine Pomological Society for a copy of his report for 1882. Maine is making a good deal of money out of its orchards, and fruit-tree planting for commercial purposes is on the increase there. A good deal of this is due to the work of the pomological society in making generally known the best varieties and the best methods of growing trees, planting and caring for orchards, gathering, packing and marketing the fruit. Probably in this way this society has done the state more good than all the politicians it has produced in half a century. But the honors go to the politicians, and the public money, too, for it is easier to get half a million appropriated in any state in the Union to some purpose of the politicians, than to get $500 in aid of the work of any industrial society, no matter how beneficial. We do not say this to complain of the politicians. They are what the people make them. As long as public position is given by our votes, not to the most meritorious citizens, but to those who coax and flatter the people and "set up" caucusses, and "pull wires," we must expect misgovernment, the waste of public money, and the languishing of all good causes. The people, you and we, fellow-voters, are alone to blame.

Truth from a Congressman.

The venerable "Cerro Gordo" Williams, United States senator from Kentucky, attended the recent convention for considering the contagious diseases of cattle, and he made a speech, in which he gave the farmers some information that ought to be of value to them, though it probably won't. The senator said that in Washington all interests save those of agriculture maintained a "lobby" to secure proper attention to their business from congress, and that the agricultural interest, to secure any legislation in its behalf, would certainly need to establish and maintain one too. The senator proceeded to state that when it came to a knowledge of the practical wants of the country, and of their constituents, no class of men were so ignorant and incapable as the average congressman. In this statement we find the explanation of the other. The speaker also gave his hearers a piece of advice, without much hope, in the light of past experience, that it will be heeded. He said: "If you want your congressmen to attend to your business, which it is their business to do, there is only one way for you to express it so that they will understand what you mean, and know that you mean it—make them feel it at the polls." More than one-half of the voters in this country are farmers, and yet who, after considering the material of which congress is composed, can honestly say that the farmers are represented there. And yet who is responsible for the character of their representatives but the majority of the voters? The fact is, the attitude of the average farmer toward a congressman is that of the old woman toward her minister. She was praising his sermon, when a bystander ventured to ask her if she understood it. "Would I presume!" exclaimed the dame. When the farmers "presume" to think for themselves in political matters, and cease to allow themselves to be led to the polls in flocks "for the good of the party," without asking any questions, either before or after election, agricultural interests may have some attention from our law-makers.

Hardly Fair.

Our British brothers are very serious-minded people, not at all on the lookout, as it seems they should be, for the wicked American joker. Some time ago the present chemist of our department of agriculture (the choice, amongst all American men of science, made by the handsome Dr. Loring to put an end to Professor Collier's "d—d nonsens" in relation to sorghum sugar) wrote and printed what appeared to be a serious account of the manufacture of artificial honey-comb and the filling of it with glucose. This took in Americans as well as foreigners quite generally, we believe, although Dr. Wiley claims that it was only meant for "d—d nonsense." More recently the Detroit *Free Press*, one of the leading journalistic jokists of the country, published a detailed account of the manufacture of artificial eggs. We don't think this fooled anybody on the American continent, but the London *Farmer* copies it as a piece of serious information and an illustration of Yankee ingenuity (which it is). Even the concluding lines, in which it is said that "the most assiduous hen has as yet failed to produce chicks" from these wonderfully constructed eggs, seems not to have awakened any suspicion in the mind of our serious transatlantic contemporary.

The Home Farm.

Three years ago the Hon. S. L. Boardman of Maine, for some twenty years editor of the *Maine Farmer*, and for some four or five years secretary of the Maine Board of Agriculture, having accepted an invitation to become the editor of the Boston *Cultivator*, removed to that city. But a year's experience in that office being enough for him, he returned to Maine and established at Augusta a new agricultural paper, under the above title, which almost at once achieved a great success. Being at liberty to carry out his own ideas, and rallying around him the large corps of intelligent, practical writers whom his long service on the *Maine Farmer* and elsewhere had made his personal friends, he at once produced a paper which every progressive farmer in Maine felt that he could not do without. We do not remember an instance of a new agricultural paper starting with such "a head of steam" as the *Home Farm*, and the gauge has shown no diminution of pressure from the first. Its matter is almost entirely original, from the pens of practical and successful cultivators in every branch. The editing has been skillful, as might be supposed, and the result has been probably the most rapidly growing volunteer subscription list ever achieved by an agricultural journal in so brief a time. The fourth volume, just begun, is greatly enlarged and otherwise improved, without increase in price, which is $1.50 a year in advance. In our judgment, it is the best agricultural paper in New England. Send for a specimen copy to S. L. Boardman & Co., Augusta, Maine.

American Farm Stock.

The *Farmers' Review* credits the following paragraph to A. N. (A. W.?) Cheever:

"The native animals now being bred so largely in this country are going to be the foundation stock for the herds of the future. It is of no use to look for an entire change to the new breeds. Such change is practically among the impossibilities. Farmers will not be required to make any very radical change in blood, nor to incur any exorbitant expense, in order to fill their yards with animals that will be a marked improvement upon the average stock they now hold. But we must learn the requisites to successful breeding. We must learn to select with a good judgment, cross wisely, feed judiciously, and, in short, to do everything necessary, in order to have animals born healthy and continue thrifty and productive through life, and leave a progeny behind them that will be equal to, or better than, themselves."

This is a doctrine we have been preaching in the agricultural press for the last fourteen years, but it is given the cold shoulder by the agricultural editors generally, and by their stock-breeding contributors always, because the latter have their money invested in, and their hopes of profit founded on, the established English breeds. Mr. Cheever (A. W.) has had some experience in trying to establish an American polled dairy breed, the Jamestowns, with, as we understand, a good deal of success; but a breed must still be brought across the Atlantic to be taken any notice of, not to say to become fashionable. As American farmers understand their business better, and, intellectually speaking, stand more firmly upon their feet, they will judge breeds of cattle solely by their qualities, and not by their origin. As it now is, there is very little encouragement for an American farmer to try to develope the merits of native stock, but it will not always be so.

Farm Mortgages in Maine.

One of the newspapers in Maine having stated that the amount of farm mortgages was increasing, and the farmers running behind, the agricultural papers have instituted an examination to test the truth of the statement. This is much more easily done in Maine than in Vermont, because the records of real estate transactions are not made there, as here, in the town clerk's office, but in that of the county clerk. The result of the inquiry is given as follows:

"One-fifth of the farms in Waldo county are mortgaged; one-third in Oxford and one-fourth in Cumberland, Franklin, Lincoln and Somerset, while Kennebec has a greater proportion and Aroostook the largest of all. For the past five years farmers have been paying up steadily."

This is good news from our native state. We wish that the facts on this subject could be as easily learned in Vermont. It undoubtedly could be learned if the legislature would call for biennial reports upon the condition of our real estate from the town clerks, paying them a fair amount for the labor. But it is very rare that our legislature does so sensible and useful a thing as to order the collection of statistics showing the industrial and financial condition of the people. Watch their transactions in any session, and you cannot fail to observe that the heft of the work consists in grinding the axes of private parties and corporations. If the last legislature had attended to the public good as it ought to have done, the poor depositors of the St. Albans Trust Company would not have lost their money. But interested parties control the leaders by "ways that are dark," and the rest of our legislators follow the bosses like sheep. If the towns would choose the best men to represent them, and not so foolishly change them as soon as they have "learned the ropes," we should be better governed.

The Financial Situation.

The condition of business in this country for the last eighteen months knocks a big hole in the theories of that class of political economists who draw all their ideas from the English writers. What do we see? We see money plenty and cheap without any of the alleged results—no speculation, and no rise of prices, but rather a decline. We see heavy failures on all sides, but no panic, and no loss of confidence. These things could not occur, if the theories of the accepted writers were sound. The facts are against the theorists, but then the professors will tell us "so much the worse for the facts."

In the face of an abundance of cheap money the "bears" have had it all their own way in the stock markets, and in the markets for produce and manufactured goods. Prices go down; merchants and manufacturers fail all around us, yet the money interests are not alarmed, and all legitimate operations go on undisturbed. The smallest shrinkage has been in the prices of farm products, and the farmers are doing better than any other class.

What is the cause of the present state of business? The cause of the low prices of manufactured goods is no doubt a production in excess of the demand. The improvements in machinery have been so great that with the same capital in all cases much more, and in many cases double the quantity of goods, can be produced with the same amount of labor. It is no use producing more clothing than people can wear, more iron than can be put to use, more furniture than the people want. But that is what is being done in America to-day. The natural result is that prices are low—often lower than the cost of production, and hence failures of many establishments weak in capital. There is even a greater over-production of agricultural products, but as agriculture has not been favored with governmental "protection" it has strength to stand up and continue to produce at the prices which foreign nations will pay us, and still live. Our manufacturers have glutted the home market, and, coddled by over-production, they cannot yet so manage their business as to meet the world in an open market and live, as the unprotected farmers have been obliged to do, and therefore can do. There is another trouble. Our manufacturers are compelled in one way and another to use a great deal of imported material and machinery which their own beloved protective system has obliged them to consent shall be "protected" by duties that cripple those that use them. Protection does not protect worth a cent where everything is protected, and yet how can one industry ask protection and refuse it to another? Nearly every interest except agriculture has had lobby power enough to get a share of protection, and at last the system is breaking down with its own weight. When our manufacturing industries are ready to face the cold world and its competition, as the farmers do, these things will regulate themselves, and America will have a foreign market for its surplus products of every description.

But why is there no panic and no hard times attending this disturbance in business? Simply because we have a perfectly sound and safe governmental currency, with any quantity of the precious metals behind it. The gold eagles and silver dollars piled up in the treasury, and all ready to redeem every paper note that may be presented, makes the people calm and secure. No bank has to suspend on account of a run for specie. If one breaks at all, it is only because its depositors have lost confidence in it. The bill-holders know that Uncle Sam, all his pockets stuffed out with specie, is behind this paper money all ready to hand out the metal, and they don't even look to see what bank issued it.

But why does not the abundance of money induce speculation and inflation? Just simply because there are now very few opportunities for profitable speculation, and these few are entirely controlled, and known to be so, by the great capitalists of the country. For a man of moderate wealth to go into anything of a speculative nature with his capital is to invite immediate ruin. The system under which the big fish eat up the smaller ones is now reduced to a sure thing. Thus out of seeming evil has good been educed. These big chaps suck riches out of the people, but they won't let anybody else do it. They act really as regulators of trade, almost like the governor on a steam engine. A few big merchants are getting to do all the trading. A few big manufacturers will do all the manufacturing. The rest of the people must be content with what they can pick up, and the luckiest are the men who own land and know how to till it. It will be long before this business can be monopolized, or cornered.

The Fireside.

AT THE GRAVE OF CHARLES WOLFE.

Wolfe, the poet, is buried in Clonmel Parish churchyard. Queenstown, of which this is the cemetery, was early a resort for consumptives.

Where the graves are many, we looked for one.
Oh, the Irish rose was red,
And the dark stones saddened the setting sun
With the names of the early dead.
Then a child who, somehow, had heard of Him
In the land we love so well,
Kept lifting the grass till the dew was dim
In the churchyard of Clonmel.

The sexton came. "Can you tell us where
Charles Wolfe is buried?" "I can.
See, that is his grave in the corner there.
(Ay, he was a clever man
If God had spared him!) It's many that come
To be looking for him!" said he.
But the boy kept whispering, "Not a drum
Was heard"—in the dusk to me.

(Then the gray man tore a vine from the wall
Of the roofless church where he lay,
And the leaves that the withering year let fall
He swept with the ivy away;
And, as we read on the rock the words
That, writ in the moss, we found,
Right over his bosom a shower of birds
In music fell to the ground.)

Young Poet, I wonder did you care,
Did it move you in your rest,
To hear that child in his golden hair
From the mighty woods of the west,
Repeating your verse of his own sweet will,
To the sound of the twilight bell,
Years after your beating heart was still
In the churchyard of Clonmel?

S. M. B. Piatt, in December Century.

Lead Poisoning.

Lead poisoning is often produced in an unsuspected manner. The occupation of dressmaking might be regarded as one likely to be exempt from it; yet a dressmaker just admitted into the Leeds Dispensary, England, was found to have a distinct blue line on her gums, with simultaneous symptoms, such as a furred tongue, inflammation of the lips, and general debility—all signs pointing to the probability of poisoning by lead. The physician in attendance for some time failed to discover the source of the lead poisoning, and was beginning to think the blue line had been caused in some other way, when he accidentally learned from a merchant that silken thread, being sold by weight, and not by length, is sometimes adulterated with sugar of lead. He then questioned the patient, and she informed him that it had been a common practice with her, when at work, to hold silk as well as other kinds of thread in her mouth, and that she had done this the more readily with silk, inasmuch as it often had a sweet taste. This is a sure indication of the presence of lead, and all thread possessing it should either be rejected or used with caution. It will be found that the silk thread of the best makers is tasteless, whereas some inferior threads are sweet.—*American Medical Weekly.*

The Importance of Rest.

It is very strange how much we are told about food, clothing, ventilation, drainage, exercise and other things which have an influence on our health, and how very seldom we think of rest. And yet, as a remedial and restorative measure, it is of the first importance in many cases. Most physicians know what to do, and when to do it, but a good deal of common sense is required to discover how not to do something, and when to let the patient alone. A combination of drugging and fretting kills more than half the sick people in the world; a man's enemies cannot do him near so much damage as his friends. The world is possessed with the notion that when a man is taken ill a terrible ado must be kept up, an alternation of nursing and fussing; while preternaturally wise and whispering doctors, sympathizing friends, tearful relatives and chattering nurses add their contributions to the wrong side, and all because somebody is ill and needs chiefly rest. We have not yet, most of us, got rid of the old notion of the ancients that disease is a personality, a something that is in the air, that travels about, enters our dwellings and finally seizes hold of us; something akin in the minds of the ignorant to a goblin, ghost, fiend, demon or witch, which only pills or potions can exorcise, kill or cure. We are confident that many a sensible physician will say, if the patient will let him, that two-thirds of all the maladies of all the people in the world would get well in a few hours or days, if left to themselves, with no other appliances than such as instinct would suggest and common sense employ.—*Providence Journal.*

Gentle Mothers.

"My mother dear, my mother dear;
My gentle, gentle mother."

I thought I was singing my boy to sleep with the little ballad of which the above is the chorus; but the blue eyes opened and a quiet voice said: "Mamma, you ain't always gentle." In self-justification, I replied: "But you know, darling, mamma has to scold you when you're naughty." "Yes'm." The argument dropped; so did the little head upon my bosom. I did not finish the song, nor have I sung it since. Tenderly tucking in the little truth-teller, I reproached myself for deserving this remark, and greatly questioned the truth of my answer. Do mothers ever have to scold? Has scolding any legitimate place in the family government? How is the word defined? "Railing with clamor; uttering rebuke in rude and boisterous language." Is this a helpful adjunct to parental authorities? Why do Christian parents sometimes scold? For two reasons, as it seems to me: First, from lack of self-control; second, from habit. Children are often terribly trying, and loud and angry tones seem a safety-valve for our stirred tempers. Besides, we feel that gentleness alone can never safely steer the family bark over life's troublous sea. Force, firmness, decision, sternness, even severity, are often necessary. A suitable degree of these is not incompatible with gentleness. It is not a synonym for weakness. The gentleness that makes one great comes from subdued strength. This lovely fruit of the Spirit proves an element of power. The "soft answer" often costs the answerer dearly. Sweetness of spirit is the outgrowth of self-control. Serenity of soul, whatever be the constitutional characteristics, comes most frequently from long self-discipline and prayerful struggle.—*Good Words.*

What Constitutes the State?

In the introduction to his little volume, Professor Sumner remarks: "During the last ten years I have read a great many books and articles, especially by German writers, in which an attempt has been made to set up 'the state' as an entity, having conscience, power, and will sublimated above human limitations, and as constituting a tutelary genius over us all. I have never been able to find in history or experience anything to fit this concept. I once lived in Germany for two years, but I certainly saw nothing of it there then. Whether the state which Bismarck is molding will fit the notion is at best a matter of faith and hope. My notion of the state has dwindled with growing experience of life. As an abstraction, the state is to me only all of us. In practice—that is, when it exercises will or adopts a line of action—it is only a little group of men chosen in a very hap-hazard way by the majority of us to perform certain services for all of us. The majority do not go about their selection very rationally, and they are almost always disappointed by the results of their own operation. Hence 'the state,' instead of offering resources of wisdom, right reason, and pure moral sense, beyond what the average of us possess, generally offers much less of all these things. Furthermore, it often turns out in practice that 'the state' is not even the known and accredited servants of the state, but, as has been well said, is only some obscure clerk hidden in the recesses of a government bureau into whose power the chance has fallen for the moment to pull one of the stops which control the government machine. In former days it often happened that 'the state' was a barber, a fiddler, or a bad woman. In our day it often happens that 'the state' is a little functionary on whom a big functionary is forced to depend."—*Popular Science Monthly for December.*

Half a Dozen Dainties.

When a woman has to provide for three hundred and sixty-five dinners in the course of a year she finds some difficulty in varying the bill of fare, and is glad to welcome a pudding whose acquaintance she has not already made. Having a sincere sympathy for these perplexed housekeepers, I propose to share with them six culinary treasures which have stood the test of a critical examination and earned their right to favor by satisfying fastidious palates. The first three are most suitable for cool weather, when nature demands hot food and turns with a sense of insufficiency from jellies and creams; but in the dog-days, when the very thought of a steaming dish is enough to take away the appetite, and coolness is the one object of existence, the three that follow will be more to the taste.

PRINCE OF WALES PUDDING.

This bears a royal title, and if properly made does not disgrace it. Take the weight of three eggs in butter and the same in white fine sugar; beat these to a cream, add the three eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately; sift in through a wire sieve the weight of the three eggs in flour. Put the mixture in a buttered mold and steam for an hour and a half. Serve with a sauce made as follows: To one pint of boiling milk add two heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla; beat three eggs just long enough to mix yolks and whites, and pour the hot milk on them, stirring the mixture. Replace it in the sauce-pan and stir until it thickens, as it will in a minute or two; then pour it around the pudding.

AMBER PUDDING.

This pudding, like the former, is an English recipe, and is exceedingly nice. Mix together a quarter of a pound of sugar and the same quantity of butter; add three eggs, well-beaten, and a quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs; stir in three tablespoonfuls of orange marmalade; put the whole in a buttered mold—a common earthen bowl will answer—and steam it for two hours. It does not require a sauce.

PEACH MELANGE.

The peach harvest has been such an abundant one there has been no difficulty in preserving as much as one wanted of this delicious fruit. Pour one pint of boiling milk over three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs, add half a cup of sugar, a large tablespoonful of butter, and three well-beaten eggs; flavor with twenty drops of essence of bitter almonds. In the bottom of a buttered mold put one pint of peach jam and pour in the mixture just made; cover the mold with a plate, and steam for two hours. In the manuscript cookery book before me this recipe is marked emphatically, *Very good*, and this is a verdict from which no one will dissent who has tasted peach melange in perfection.

COCOANUT CUSTARD.

To make cocoanut custard take one quart of milk, half a cup of sugar, and let it come to a boil; beat five eggs slightly; eggs for custard should never be beaten separately, as the froth made by the whites prevents one from seeing when the custard is properly thickened, and it is very apt to curdle from not being taken off the fire in time. Pour a little of the boiling milk on the eggs and mix them together by degrees, add a teacupful of dessicated cocoanut, and stir until the custard thickens. Serve cold in custard cups or altogether in a pretty crystal dish. A meringue made of the white of one egg beaten with one tablespoonful of powered sugar and one of cocoanut can be placed on top, if desired.

ORANGE PIE.

There is not within the borders of pie land a more delicate one than orange pie. To make it take a quarter of a pound of butter and the same sugar, mix them to a cream, add three eggs well beaten, the juice of an orange and a lemon, and the grated peel of both. Line a dish with puff paste, put in the mixture, and bake in a quick oven. Serve cold.

SHAKESPEARE CAKE.

In summer fruit is a more delicious dessert than any pudding; sometimes a slight addition to it is required, and Shakespeare cake, with walnut frosting, is a very acceptable one. Perhaps it was named by some enthusiastic lover of the great dramatist or perhaps Anne Hathaway used to make it for him in their early married days, when he was only eighteen and may have retained a boy's fondness for sweet things. History is silent on the point, so we may believe what we please. Mix together one and a half coffee cups of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of milk, and three well-beaten eggs; sift in half a teaspoonful of soda, one cup of flour, with one teaspoonful of cream of tartar mixed in it; add half a cup of melted butter the last thing; stir well, put in a flat pan, and bake. The frosting is made by putting a teacupful of powdered sugar with the whites of two eggs, and when well beaten adding the meats of two dozen English walnuts. While the cake is hot, spread the frosting on it, and when cold cut into narrow strips and arrange prettily on a napkin-covered plate.

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Waterbury National Bank, for the choice of Directors for the ensuing year, will be held at said bank in Waterbury, on Tuesday, January 8, 1884, at one o'clock, P. M.

CHARLES WELLS, Cashier.

Waterbury, Vt., Nov. 29, 1883. 24-29